

BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delicately cooling and refreshing tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Root Hair Grower. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward promptly, on receipt of \$1.00. Grower, \$1.00 per bottle; 6 for \$5.00. Soap, 50c per jar; 6 for \$2.50.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.,

57 North First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EVANS & THOMPSON,

Decorators,
Sign Writers,
Paper Hangers,
Coarse Painters.

TWO DOORS NORTH OF RICHARDSON'S BANK

PERRY, OKLA.

J. W. McNEAL, President.

GEO. H. HERRIOT, Vice-President

GUTHRIE NATIONAL BANK.

Capital, - - - \$50,000
Surplus, - - - 10,000

Board of Directors in addition to Bank Officers:

A. J. SEAY, HORACE SPEED, ROBT. MARTIN, HENRY LINN
W. J. HORSFALL, Cashier.

K. C. Cash Grocery.

NEW STOCK OF

Groceries, Flour and Feed,

Opened April 5,

222 SOUTH DIVISION ST.

HOTEL ROYAL,

LEGISLATURE BUILDING,
EAST HARRISON AVENUE.

MRS. D. E. MORELAND.

C. M. BARNES & SON

Will maintain their
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

Fire, Life, Accident and Tornado Policies Written Immediately Upon Application

Our accident business embraces
EMPLOYERS LIABILITY, STEAM BOILER,
INDIVIDUAL ACCIDENTS, FIDELITY BONDS

Sub-agents wanted throughout the Territory. Money to loan on improved farm or town property. Office in Times Building, Oklahoma Av

JOHN T. BRICKNER,

Contractor and Builder,

Estimates furnished on Buildings of all description. Territorial agent for U. S. Roof Paint.

Office 109 North First Street.

WILL M. NIX,

DEPUTY DISTRICT CLERK.

Acknowledgements Taken,
Conveyances Made Out,
Filing Papers Drawn.

Perry, - - - Oklahoma.
Reference—Capitol National Bank, Guthrie.

KATHIE'S WEDDING DOWRY

ONLY one silk, and that not new! Dear me dear me! It is dreadful! And Mrs. Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of a garment in question, and gave it a spiteful little shove. Kathie, hemming ruffles by the window, laughed.

"What can't be cured must be endured; there's no help for it, auntie," she said.

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her. "If you had taken my advice, but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a girl of your age giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married without a decent change of clothing! I declare it is too absurd. And you are making such a good match, too! Charles Montague comes of one of the very best families in the country, and he will be very rich one of these days."

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie, merrily.

Her aunt frowned contemptuously. "But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montague of Oakland will think of you when she sees your outfit?"

"Not one whit less than she thinks of me to-day," answered Kathie, stoutly.

Mrs. Grayson laughed in scorn. "You poor little simpleton! Wait until you know the world as I know it, and you'll change your tune. I tell you, Kathie, appearance is everything. Your bridegroom himself will feel ashamed of you when he sees you in the midst of his stately sisters, in the grand rooms of Oakland."

Kathie winced, but she answered bravely:

"I don't believe Charlie will ever feel ashamed of me."

"Wait until he sees you in your very shabby garments!" said Kathie, opening her bright brown eyes. "My garments are not shabby, auntie. I am quite sure I never looked shabbier in my whole life."

Mrs. Grayson glanced at her trim, graceful little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the linen puffs and collar were spotless as snow. Kathie was right; she never looked shabby. Her garments seemed to be part and parcel of herself, like the glossy feathers and black tuft of a canary. Yet these same garments were usually made of all sorts of odds and ends, for Kathie was poor, and obliged to be rigidly economical. But she was possessed of that tact, or talent, or whatever it may be called, which is more to women than beauty or fortune, which enables her by the mere skill of her willing fingers and artistic soul to make life, her home, her own person, a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with girls of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust, tumbled their laces, and plumes and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure by the window with a half-admiring, half-contemptuous smile.

"You're rather a pretty girl, Kathie, and you understand the art of getting yourself up in good style. What you've got will do well enough, but there's so little of it. Your bridal outfit is shameful, upon my word. What will you do for carriage dresses, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, when you are Charles Montague's wife? Why, when I was a bride, I had everything; a round dozen of silks of every hue, poplins, merinos, tissues, and half a dozen sorts of wraps. I didn't go to James Grayson bare of clothes, I can tell you."

Kathie said nothing. She bent over her ruffles, her bright eyes dim with tears.

"Such a simpleton as you've been," her aunt continued, "after toiling and reaching for your money, to turn round and give it away! I declare, it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What else could I do?" the girl burst out passionately. "Could I see poor George's cottage sold over his head, and he and his wife and children turned out into the street?"

"Assuredly," answered the lady, coolly, "he could have rented a house easy enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't listen to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry for it. I would do the same thing to-morrow. I'm glad I had the money to pay poor brother George's debt, and I don't care if I do look shabby."

"Very well, I shall try not to care, either. I shall not help you; I told you that from the beginning; I can't afford to, and even if I could, I should not. It is my duty. You would be headstrong and senseless; you must bear the consequences. I'll give you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and you may wear the garnet set of Josephine's."

"I don't want the lace; I've some that belongs to mamma; and I wouldn't wear Josephine's jewelry for anything."

"Oh! very well, don't snap my head off. I beg, you needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you. You won't wear my hat, either, I suppose; how about that?"

"I have plenty of trimmings; I shall trim that light felt I wore last winter."

"And your jacket? Where's that to come from, pray?" Kathie's tears were gone, her brown eyes flashed like stars.

"I intend to make myself a jacket of grandfather's old coat," she replied. Her aunt threw back her head and laughed heartily.

"Grandfather's old coat! Oh, that is too good! What would Mrs. Montague of Oakland say to that? Kathie, child, what a goose you are!"

Kathie threw aside her ruffles, and, going to the clothes press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming; I can make a handsome jacket out of it, and I think," she added softly, "grandpa would like me to have it, if he knew."

"Grandpa, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Grayson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory after the manner he treated you; never leaving you a penny after you nursed him and slaved for him as you did."

Annie, her cheeks blooming like a rose.

"Won't he?" Don't tell me, child! Every one thought you would be old before you were a bride when you first met him. Ten to one he'd never have given you a second thought but for that. Now that he's disappointed he's too much of a man to back out, of course, but he feels it all the same. Don't tell me!"

Kathie uttered no word in answer. She took the old coat, and, crossing to the window, sat down to rip it apart. Her wedding day was drawing near, there was no time to lose. Mrs. Grayson sat herself on the lounge for her afternoon nap, the big Maltese cat purred on the rug, the canary chirped lazily in the cage, and without above the waving line of the wooded ridge, the December sunset glowed.

Kathie began to rip the heavily-stitched seams, her pretty, fresh face looking sad and downcast. Aunt Grayson's world-wise talk had put her out of heart. All her life she had been such a brave, sweet little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her grandfather, and made his last days bright.

"You're a dear child, Kathie; try-and-try when you think of being a bride, I'll give you a wedding dowry." He had said so a dozen times, yet, after his sudden death one midwinter night, there was no mention of Kathie found in the will, and so everything went to Dagald, the son by a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain, but it cut her to the heart to think that grandpa had forgotten her. She tried not to believe it; there was some mistake. And when Dagald sold out the old homestead and went off to America, she gathered up all the souvenirs and took care of them. The old furniture, trimmed overcoat was one.

Then, lodging at her aunt's, she taught the village children, and saved up her earnings for her wedding-day; for Charles Montague loved her, and had asked her to be his wife.



"IF YOU HAD TAKEN MY ADVICE"

The wedding-day was appointed, and Kathie was beginning with a beating heart to think about making her purchases, when her brother George fell ill, and, worse, fell into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man, and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be repaid the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard, and did not hesitate an instant. Her hard earnings went to pay the debt.

She did not regret her generosity sitting there in the glow of the sunset; she would have done the same thing again. She did not doubt her handsome, high-born lover's truth, yet her girl's heart ached, and tears dimmed her clear, bright eyes. It was hard to be cramped for a little money, and her wedding day was so near. Her wardrobe was limited. She needed a nice seal brown cashmere dress, and a light silk or two for evening wear. Aunt Grayson told her the truth; she would look shabby in the grand rooms at Oakland, in the midst of Charles's stately sisters.

The tears came faster, and presently the little pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, slipped suddenly out of her grasp, and right across the breast of the coat, Kathie gave a shriek of dismay.

"There, now, I've spoiled the best of the cloth! I can't get my jacket out. What shall I do?"

Down went the bright young head, and, with her face buried in grandpa's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break. Mrs. Grayson snored on the lounge, the Maltese cat purred before the hearth, the canary twittered, and out above the wintry hills, the sunset fires burned.

Her cry out, Kathie raised her head, dried her eyes, and went on with her ripping. Something rustled under her hands.

"Why, what's this? Some of grandpa's papers, as sure as I live!"

She tore the lining loose, and there, beneath the wadding, was a package done up in parchment and tied with red tape. Kathie drew it forth. On one side was marked: "This package belongs to my granddaughter, Kathie."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Kathie, her fingers fluttering as she tagged at the tape.

At last the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded upon a round dozen at least—and a thick layer of crisp bank-notes. On top a little note. She read it:

"Here is your marriage dowry, my little granddaughter—\$10,000. One day some fine fellow will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure in yourself, but take this from old grandpa."

"Oh, grandpa, you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door startled her. She looked out and saw her lover. Gathering her treasures into the lap of her ruffled apron, she rushed out to meet him.

"Oh, Charlie, come in—quick! I've some wonderful news to tell you!" The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried, breathlessly, holding up her apron, her eyes shining, her cheeks aglow: "you see, I am rich! I've found my marriage dowry! A few minutes ago I was crying because I was so poor. I had to give George all my money, and I've only one silk, and I had to trim my old hat over, and auntie laughed at me so, and said you would feel ashamed of me. I was cutting up grandpa's old overcoat to make a jacket, and I found this! Only—only ten thousand dollars! Oh, Charlie! I'm so glad for your sake!"

"My darling," he said, his voice thrilling with tenderness, "I am glad of all this because you are glad. For my own part, I would rather have taken this darling little hand without a penny in it. You need no dowry, Kathie; you are crowned with beauty and purity and goodness. In my eyes you are always fresh and fair and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your own sweet self, my darling."

Kathie let the folded coupons and banknotes slip from her apron, and fell to the floor in a rustling shower. "Oh, Charlie," she whispered, "let me kneel against his shoulder."

"Glad of what, Kathie—grandpa's dowry?"

The young man bent down and kissed the sweet, tremulous mouth. "No, glad you love me for myself." He clasped her closely, and at their feet grandpa's marriage-dowry lay unheeded.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

LAWYERS.

J. A. SAMPELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Rooms—Corner Harrison and Second streets. Practice in all courts.

GEORGE PRICE,

GENERAL AND LAND ATTORNEY.

Twelve Years Experience. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prompt and Efficient Service.

References: General Land Offices, Oklahoma Territory.

T. S. JONES & SON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

West of Capitol National Bank Building.

Joseph Wisby, C. G. Hornor,

WISBY & HORNOR,

ATTORNEYS,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Rooms 23-25, Over Capitol National Bank.

VOLNEY HOGGATT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Office over "The Nive" Clothing Store.

WILLIAM BLINCOE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Office in Leader Building.

H. D. TODD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Half block west of U. S. land office.

LOWE & HOUSTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

G. S. CUNNINGHAM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Guthrie, Oklahoma.

WM. D. SMITH & CO.,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Perry, - - - Oklahoma.

"I have associated with me in all land cases, S. D. Decker of Guthrie."

DENTISTS.

DR. PEOPLES,

DENTIST.

Office—First St. and Oklahoma Ave.

Residence—Second St. and Noble Ave.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. D. STEVENS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

McElhinney's Drug Store Second St.

G. A. HUGHES, D. D. S.

Dentistry in all its branches.

Office room 35 Beadles Block, over Capitol National Bank.

M. WHITE

General Contractor.

Brick and Stone Work

Will give careful attention to Cistern and Chimney Work.

Office at Santa Fe House, 115 So. 5th St.

Miss Tense Murphey,

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER,

Has removed to Rooms 7 and 8, over New York Clothing House, where she will be pleased to meet all her old customers, and as many new ones as possible.

THE BEST WORK GUARANTEED.

FOR A GOOD

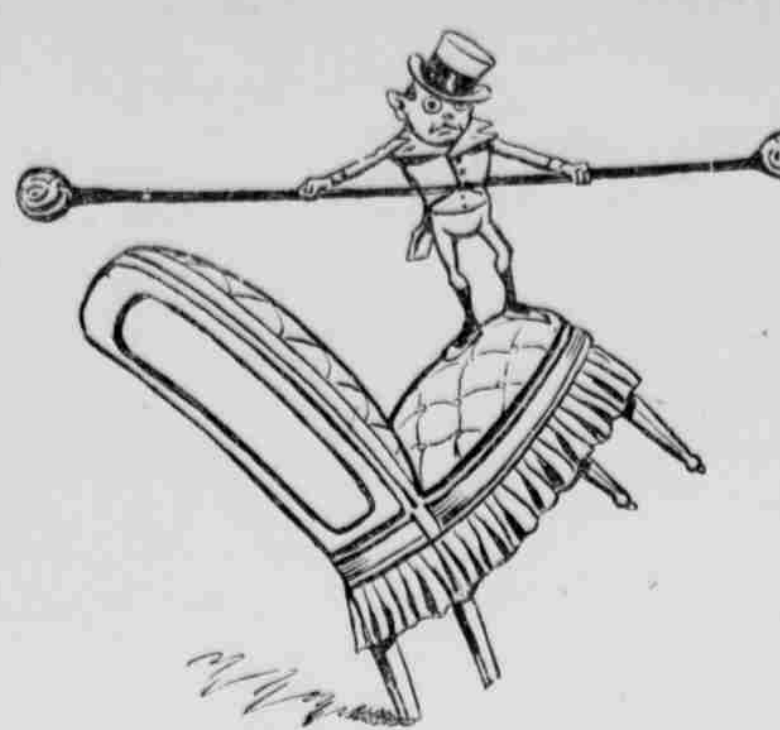
Livery Team

GO TO

EUREKA BARN

Cleveland Ave. West of Division St.

WM. ADAMS, Prop.



THE BALANCE

Of the Strippers will soon return. If you would avoid the rush come now and get choice selection from the largest furniture and carpet emporium in the territory.

SPECIAL UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

A. J. SPENGLER.



Coffee Like Your Mother Made!

—AT—

Lowe's Restaurant.

Open Day and Night

Meals served in first-class style at all hours. South side Harrison avenue between First and Second streets.

OLSMITH ARMS CO.



Guns. : Pistols. : Amunition.

IXL POCKET KNIVES. SPORTSMEN'S GOODS.

Corner of Harrison Avenue and Division Street.

Stillwater and Orlando

Exchange Barn.

SHIVELY BROS. & VAN WYCK, Prop's.

First-class livery barns at Stillwater and Orlando. The best of teams and improved facilities for carrying passengers between these two points. Tear always ready to start at any time in the day and return at your pleasure. The shortest and quickest route between Stillwater and Orlando via Orlando.

For Good Second Hand Stoves

—SEE—

B. HALSTEAD

Second-Hand Furniture Dealer,

For Hardware, Glassware, Stoves, Household Goods of every description, and save yourself money. Terms of Payment made easy. You can save a dollar by trading at my place, corner Harrison and Division.

REAVES BROS.,

Disperance of—

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Cor. 2d St. and Harrison Ave., GUTHRIE, OK.

Grand Avenue Hotel,

OKLAHOMA CITY, O.,

Everything First-Class. Rates \$2 Per Day.

The English Kitchen,

THE OLDEST HOUSE AND ONE OF THE BEST in the CITY.

Rates \$1.25 Per Day. Board Reasonable

THE SILVER DOLLAR

WYATT & CO., Proprietors.

Finest Bar in Oklahoma Territory, 105 West Harrison